

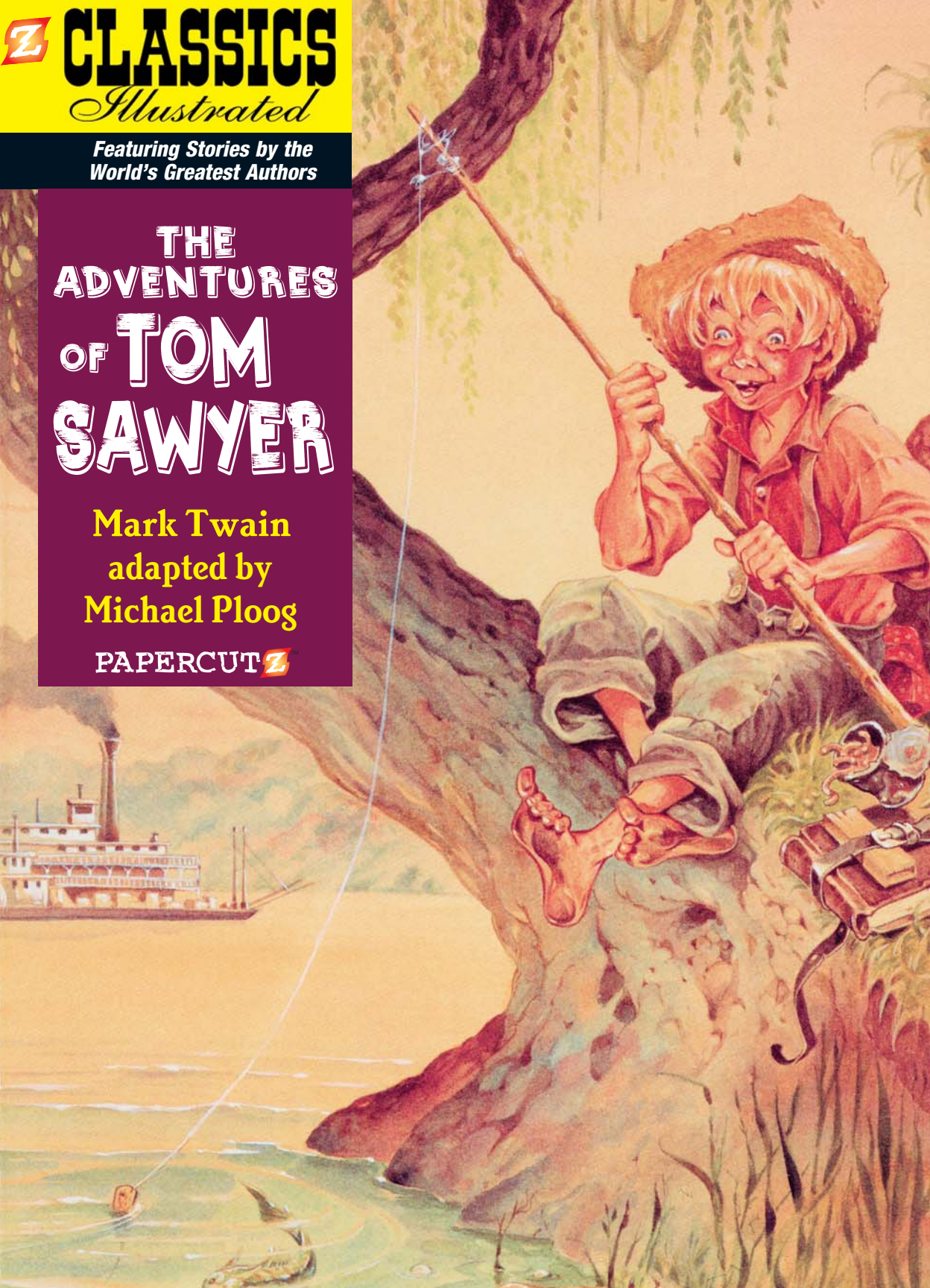
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**THE
ADVENTURES
OF TOM
SAWYER**

Mark Twain
adapted by
Michael Ploog

PAPERCUT **Z**





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World's Greatest Authors



Mark Twain

The Adventures of
TOM SAWYER

adapted and illustrated by
Michael Ploog

lettered by
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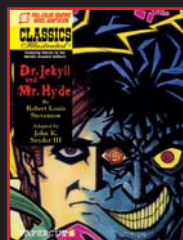
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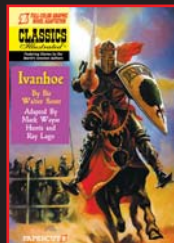
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THE ADVENTURES OF TOM SAWYER

Mark Twain

Adapted by Michael Ploog



PAPERCUT ™
New York

“Most of the adventures occurred,” Mark Twain wrote in his preface to **The Adventures of Tom Sawyer**. Indeed, much of the book so closely resembles autobiography that it is difficult to tell where fact ends and fiction begins. Critics agree that Tom Sawyer was drawn from young Twain and two of his friends. Likewise, Aunt Polly was modeled after the author’s mother; Becky Thatcher after an early sweetheart; Injun Joe after a local scalawag; and Huck Finn after the good-hearted son of the town drunkard. Published in 1876, **Tom Sawyer** was an immediate popular and critical success. Like Twain’s earlier efforts, it broke with the genteel, romantic tradition that had dominated American literature in the mid-1800s. Twain had little use for the stuffy style and heavy-handed moralizing of his contemporary writers; instead, his works were based on real life. Readers at the time rejoiced in Twain’s believable characters, realistic dialogue, and remarkable attention to detail. Although he was an early proponent of realism, Twain was also a master of humor and satire. As a result, his style – a blending further affected by a deep desire for social justice– is unique in its irreverence, exuberance, zest, and love of life. **Tom Sawyer** was followed by a number of successful and widely acclaimed works, among them **The Prince and the Pauper** (1881) and **The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn** (1884). Twain’s later years, however, were marked by growing pessimism, and many of his subsequent books (including two **Tom Sawyer** sequels) are regarded as feeble echoes of his early work. Nevertheless, Twain is considered one of the world’s greatest writers. His characters, perhaps the best-loved in literature, continue to delight readers both young and old, and his tales remain stories for all times. Twain’s enduring appeal might best be summed up by his observation about **Tom Sawyer**: “Although (it) is intended mainly for boys and girls, I hope it will not be shunned by adults... for part of my plan has been to try to pleasantly remind adults of what they once were themselves, and of how they felt and acted and talked, and what queer enterprises they sometimes engaged in.”



The Adventures of Tom Sawyer

By Mark Twain

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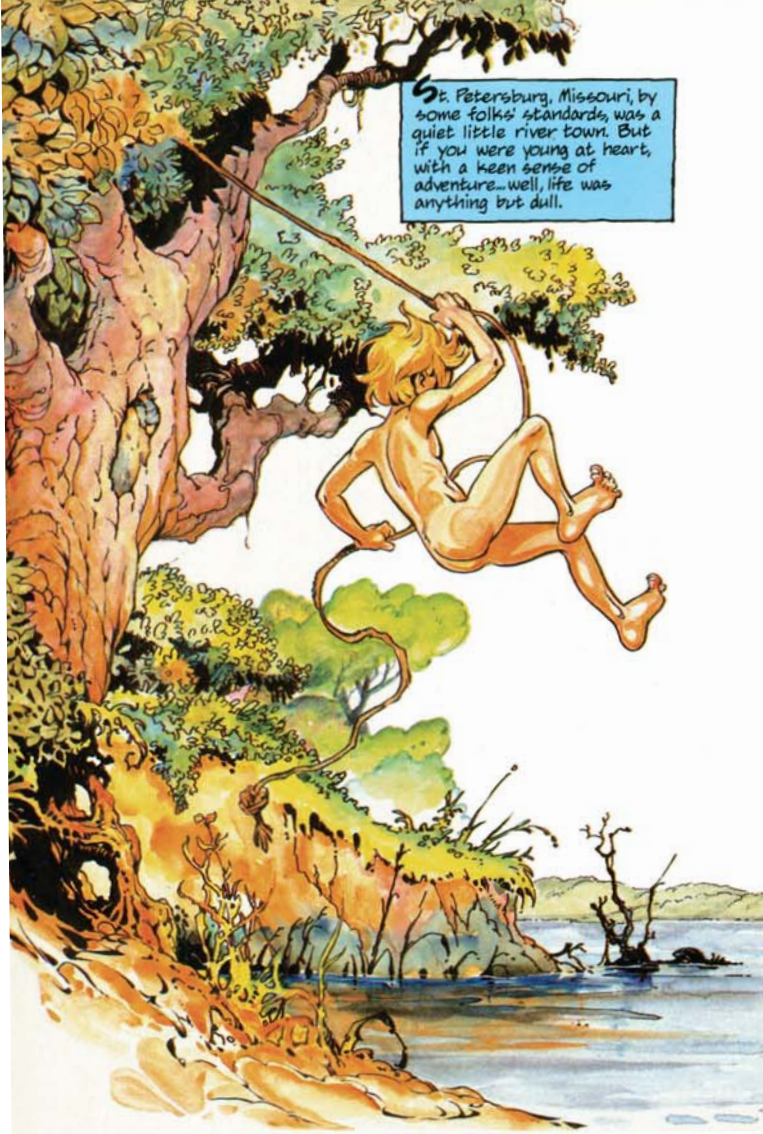
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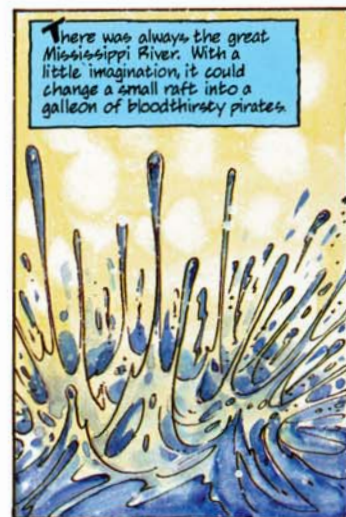
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St. Petersburg, Missouri, by some folks' standards, was a quiet little river town. But if you were young at heart, with a keen sense of adventure...well, life was anything but dull.



There was always the great Mississippi River. With a little imagination, it could change a small raft into a galleon of bloodthirsty pirates.



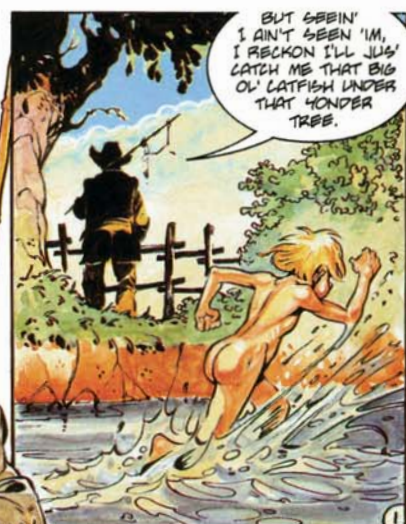
In a place like this, a fellow was only limited by his imagination.



IFN
I'D SEEN
TOM SAWYER
A-SWIMMIN'
IN THE RIVER...



I'D TELL
HIM HE'D BEST
GIT HOME CUZ
HIS AUNT POLLY
IS A-SHOUTIN'
FOR 'IM.



BUT SEEN'
I AIN'T SEEN 'IM,
I RECKON I'LL JUS'
CATCH ME THAT BIG
OL' CATFISH UNDER
THAT YONDER
TREE.

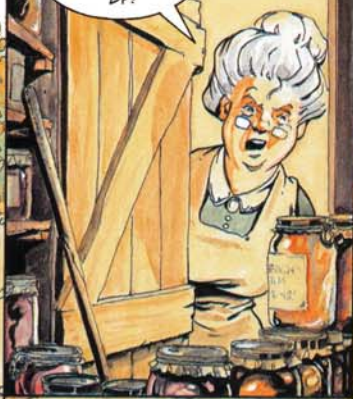
TOM! TOM SAWYER! WELL, IF I GET HOLD OF YOU... I'LL...



When Tom's folks died, he and his half-brother, Sid, came to live with Aunt Polly.



TOM! HE KNOWS JUST HOW LONG HE CAN TORTURE ME BEFORE I GET MY DANDER UP!



LORDY, I AIN'T DOIN' MY DUTY BY THAT BOY. SPARE THE ROD AND SPOIL THE CHILD.



It was a virtuous effort trying to raise Tom according to the Good Book.



EVERYTIME I LET HIM OFF, MY CONSCIENCE HURTS ME SO. AN' WHEN I WHIP HIM, MY OW' HEART BREAKS.



IF HE PLAYED HOOKY TODAY, I'LL BE OBLIGED TO PUNISH HIM. I'VE GOT TO DO MY DUTY.

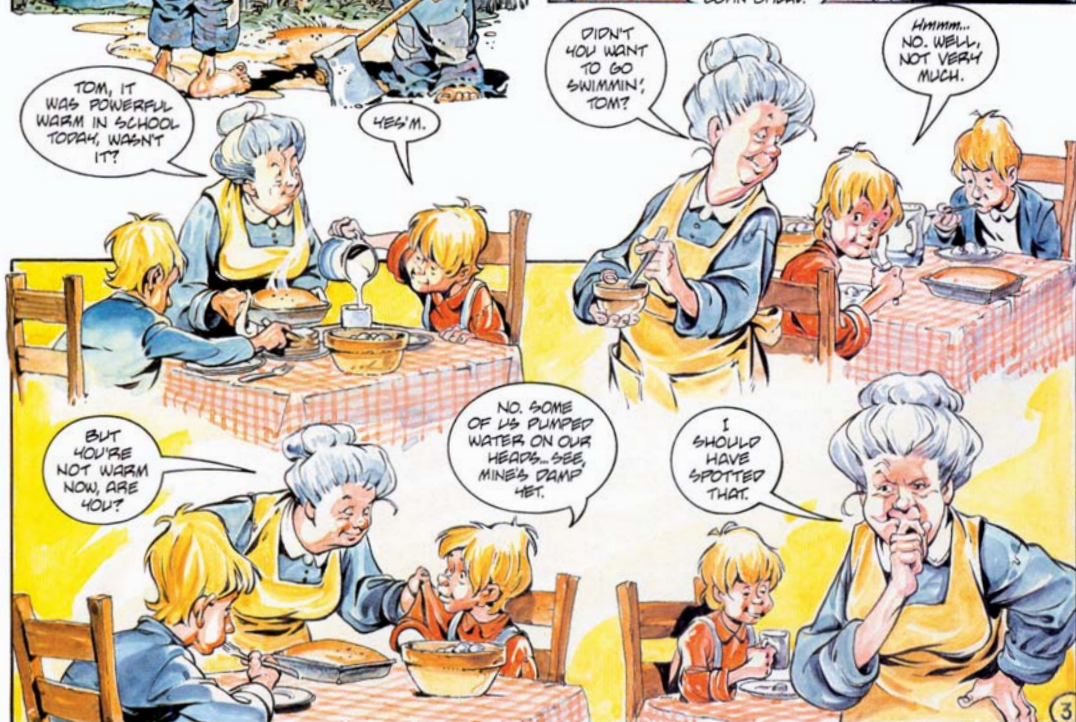


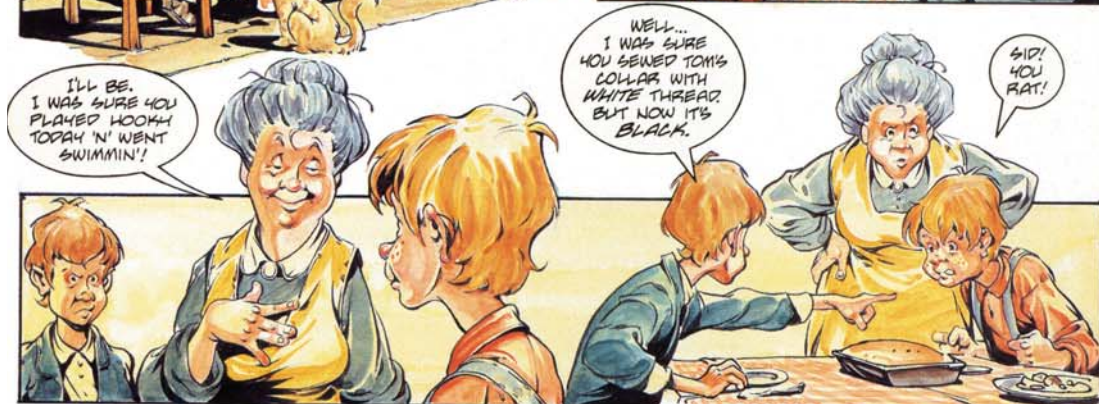
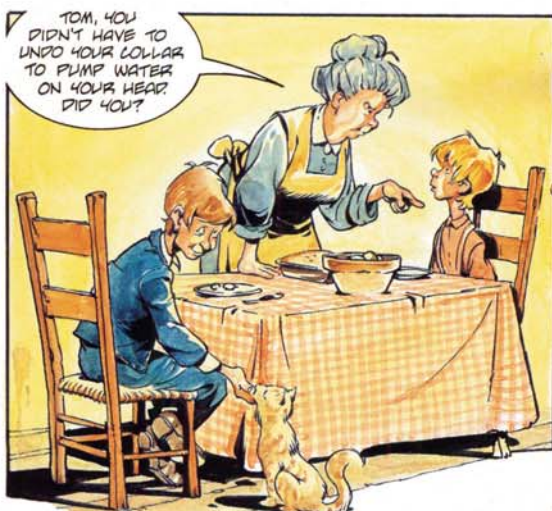
A man born of woman is of few days and full of trouble, so the scripture says, and in Tom Sawyer's case, it was so.



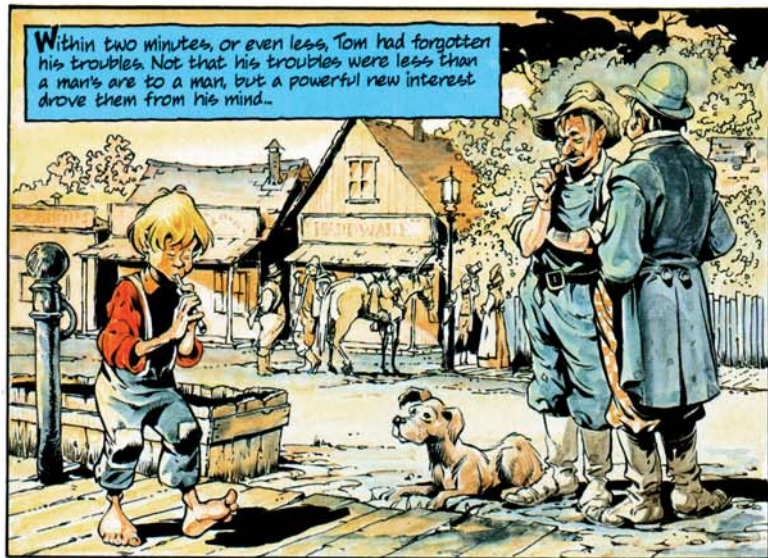
SURE 'NUFF, HE'LL WORK THIS SATURDAY, AND HE HATES WORK MORE THAN HE HATES ANYTHING ELSE.



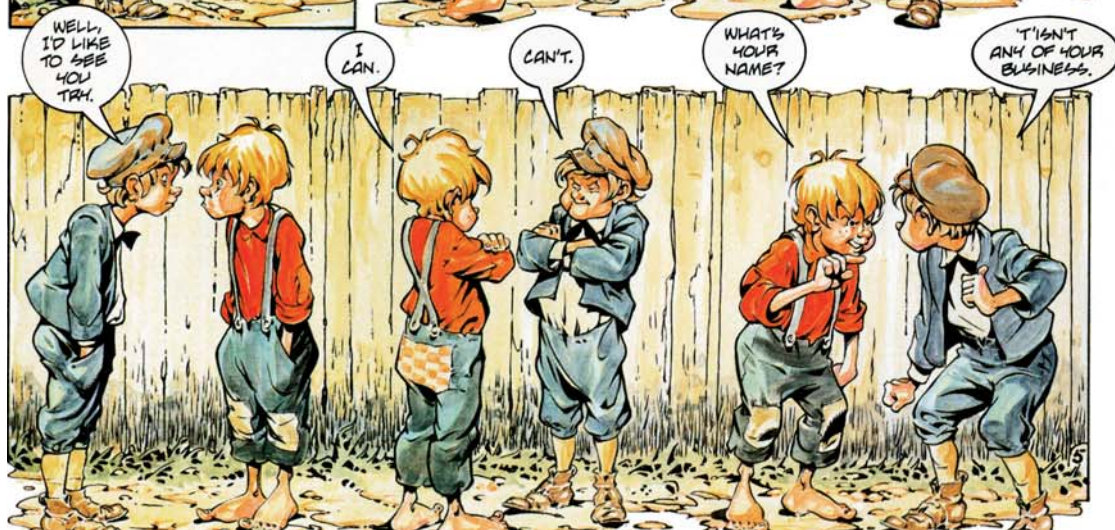
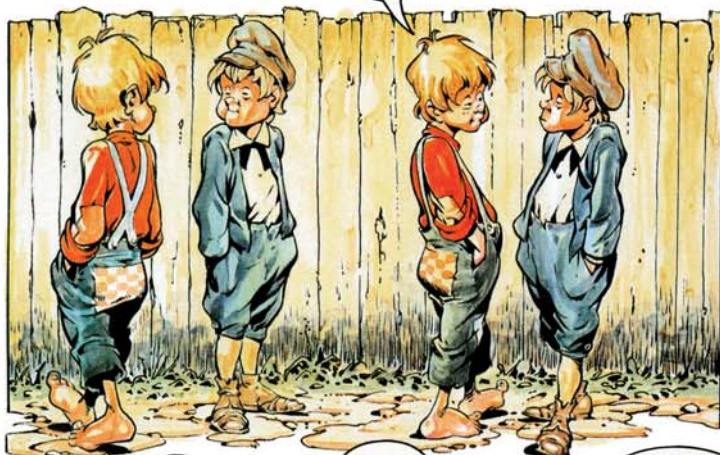


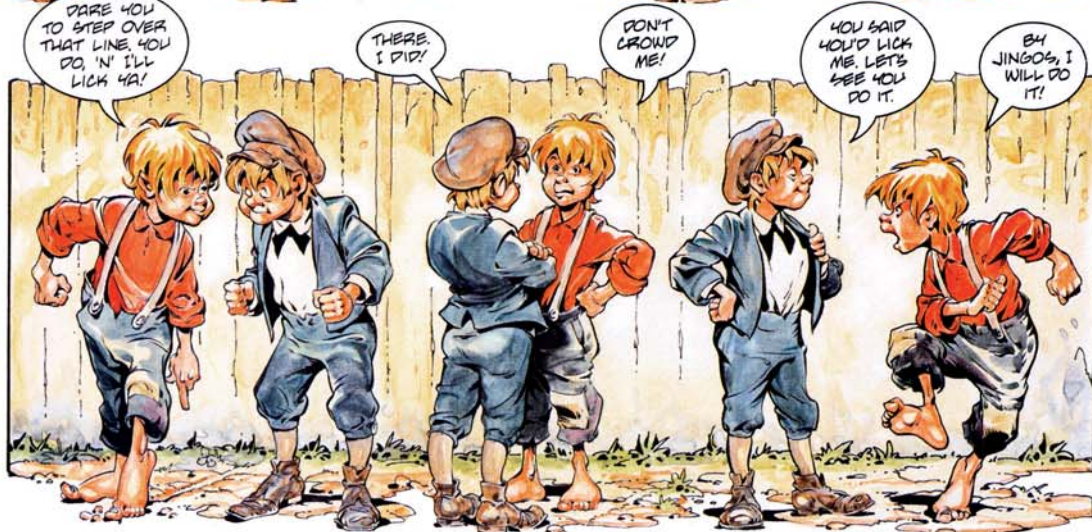


Within two minutes, or even less, Tom had forgotten his troubles. Not that his troubles were less than a man's are to a man, but a powerful new interest drove them from his mind...

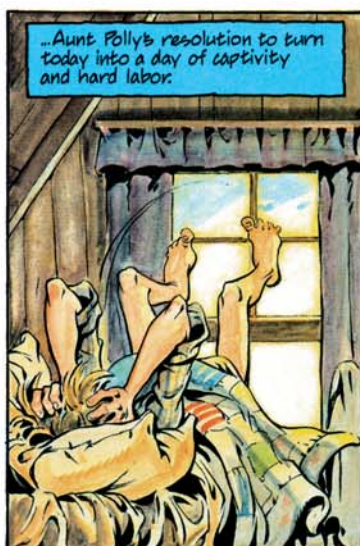


A new kid in town.





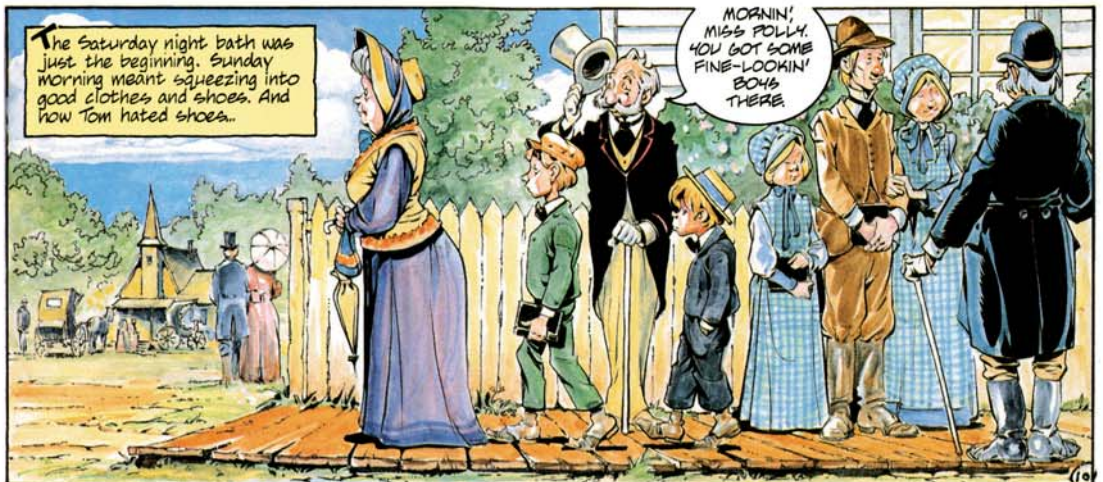
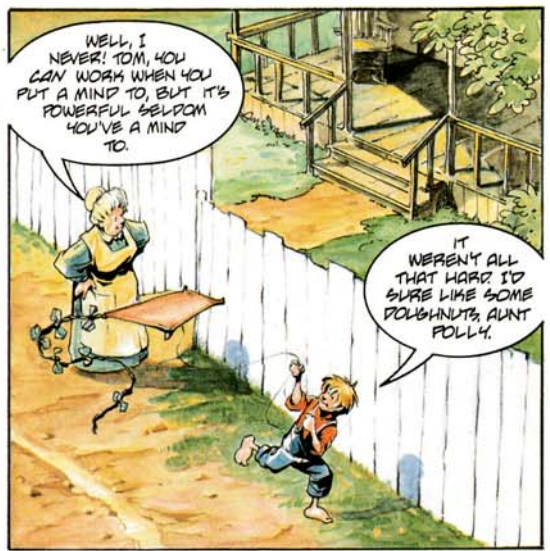


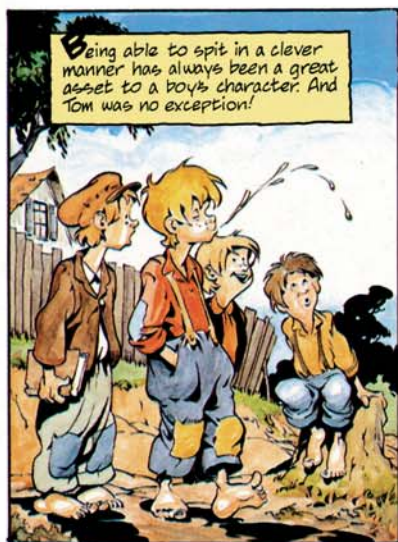




By now, Tom had acquired twelve marbles, a piece of blue bottle glass to look through, a dog collar, six firecrackers, a key that didn't unlock anything, a tin soldier with its head and one arm missing...and the fence had three coats of whitewash...







Being able to spit in a clever manner has always been a great asset to a boy's character. And Tom was no exception!



But this morning, his attention was drawn to the old pig shed.



If you hadn't known better, you'd have thought it was a bundle of old rags flying out of that loft...



But it wasn't. It was every mother's dread--Huckleberry Finn, Tom's best friend. Being homeless, he pretty much came and went as he pleased.



A real free spirit. Old Huck's lifestyle had made him the idol of every boy in town.



Although Tom was under strict orders not to play with Huck, he did so at every chance.

HELLO, HUCK. WHAT YOU GOT THERE?

HELLO, YOURSELF, 'N' SEE HOW YOU LIKE IT. GUESS WHAT I'VE GOT.



DEAD CAT! BOUGHT HIM OFF A BOY FOR SIX MARBLES 'N' THAT SNAKE SKULL WE FOUND!

SAH... WHAT'S DEAD CATS GOOD FOR?



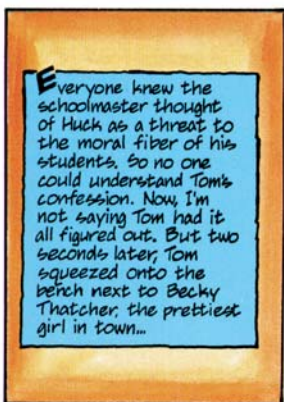
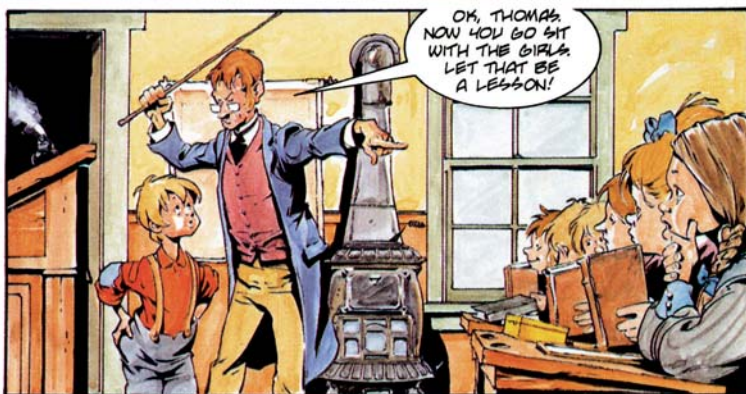
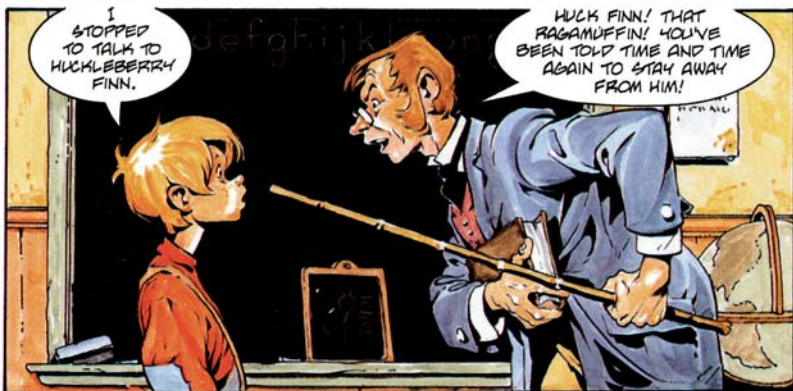
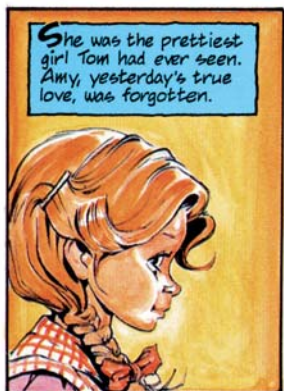
FOR CURIN' WARTS! SEE, YOU TAKE THIS HERE CAT TO THE GRAVEYARD ROUND ABOUT MIDNIGHT, TO WHERE SOMEONE WICKED'S JUST BEEN BURIED. WHEN IT'S MIDNIGHT, A DEVIL WILL COME... WELL, AS HE'S TAKIN' THIS FELLA AWAY, YOU HEAVE YOUR CAT AT HIM AND SAH-- DEVIL FOLLOW CORPSE, CAT FOLLOW DEVIL, WARTS FOLLOW CAT, I'M DONE WITH 'E!"

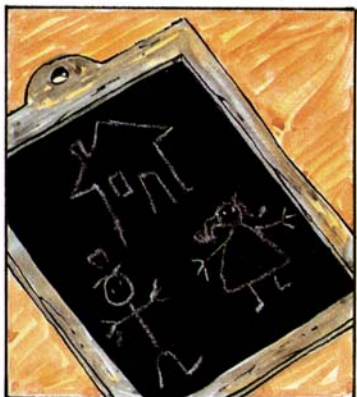
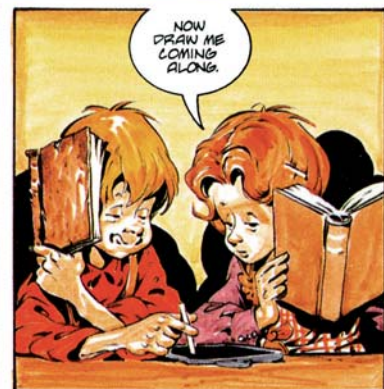


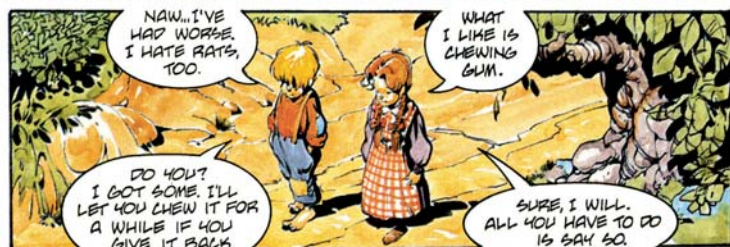
SOUNDS RIGHT. YOU EVER TRY IT?

NO, BUT OL' MOTHER HOPKINS TOLD ME IT WAS SO.





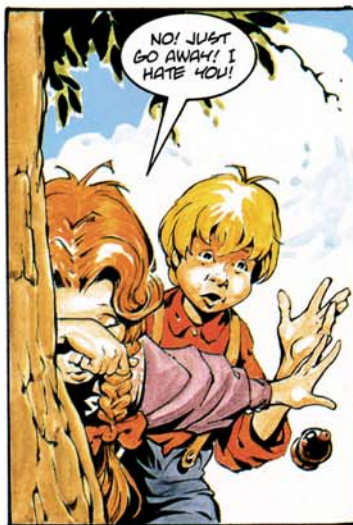








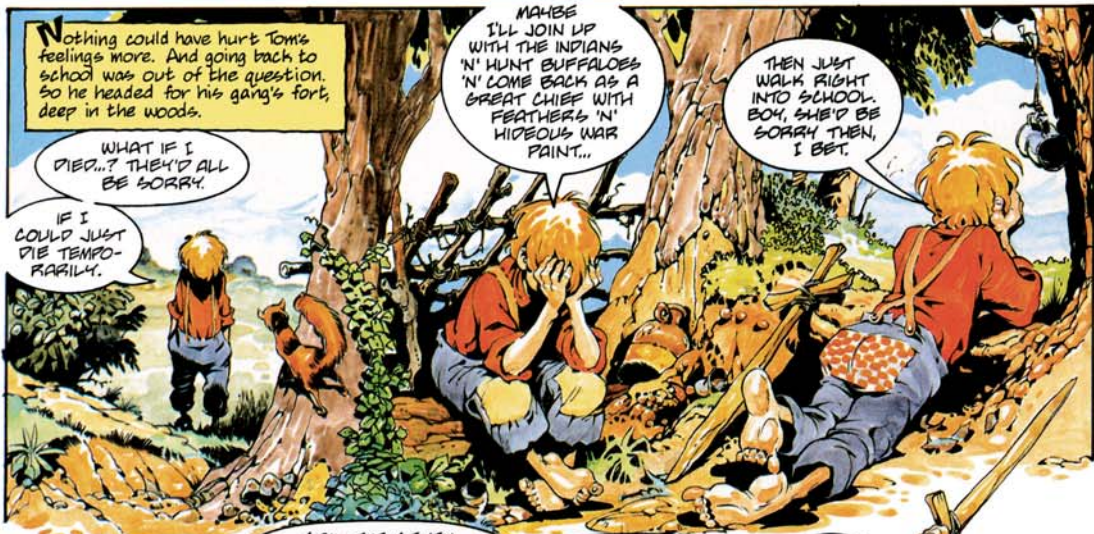
HERE, BECKY. TAKE THIS. IT'S A BRASS KNOB, MY BESTEST POSSESSION. PLEASE...



NO! JUST GO AWAY! I HATE YOU!



Tom was sincere, but Becky had no way of knowing. Any boy in town would have traded his best dog for that knob.



Nothing could have hurt Tom's feelings more. And going back to school was out of the question, so he headed for his gang's fort, deep in the woods.

WHAT IF I DIED...? THEY'D ALL BE SORRY.

IF I COULD JUST DIE TEMPORARILY.

MAYBE I'LL JOIN UP WITH THE INDIANS 'N' HUNT BUFFALOES 'N' COME BACK AS A GREAT CHIEF WITH FEATHERS 'N' WIDEBOUS WAR PAINT...

THEN JUST WALK RIGHT INTO SCHOOL. BOY, SHE'D BE SORRY THEN, I BET.



NAW, I'LL BE A PIRATE!

SAIL THE SEVEN SEAS FLYIN' THE SKULL 'N' CROSSBONES! A BLOODY CUTLASS BY MY SIDE!

'N' JUST WALK INTO TOWN WITH TWO HORSE PISTOLS. THEY'D ALL SHOUT, "IT'S TOM SAWYER!"

"THE BLACK AVENGER OF THE SPANISH MAIN!"







THERE
IT IS. HELP
ME GET
THE LID
OFF.

SHOULDN'T
WE KNOCK
FIRST, JOE?
MAYBE HE AIN'T
HOME. HEH,
HEH, HEH.

The other was Doc Robinson, and he stood
so close that Tom could have reached out
and touched him.



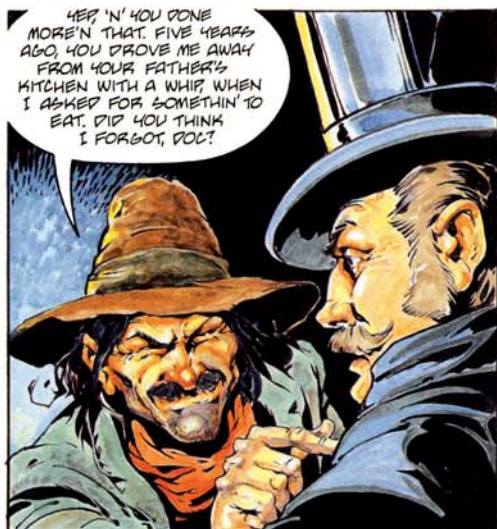
SHUT UP
YOU DRUNKEN
FOOLS, AND BE
CAREFUL. HE'S
NO GOOD TO
ME ALL
BUSTED UP.



OL' HOSS
HERE IS A BIG
'N. FIGURE HE'S
WORTH MORE
MONEY.

THAT'S THE
TALK, MUFF! I
FIGURE HE'S WORTH
ANOTHER
FIVE.

YOU
REQUIRED
YOUR PAY
IN ADVANCE,
AND I'VE
PAID YOU!



HEP, 'N' YOU DONE
MORE'N THAT. FIVE YEARS
AGO, YOU DROVE ME AWAY
FROM YOUR FATHER'S
KITCHEN WITH A WHIP, WHEN
I ASKED FOR SOMETHIN' TO
EAT. DID YOU THINK
I FORGOT, DOC?



YOU FILTHY
HALF-BREED I
SHOULD HAVE HAD
YOU SHOT.

HEY,
DOC. WHAT
ARE YOU
DOIN'?



HERE
NOW. DON'T
YOU HIT MY
PARD!



YOU DRUNKEN
HALF-WIT! I'LL HAVE
YOU AND THAT INJUN
DRIVEN OUT OF
THE STATE.



Like a rattlesnake, Injun Joe waited for his chance to strike.



Just then, Doc hit old Muff with Hoss Williams' headboard... Injun Joe seized the opportunity... Tom gasped for breath. It was as if that knife had stuck him.

YOU OUGHT NOT TO HAVE DONE THAT, MUFF. YOU KILLED HIM. BUT DON'T WORRY... I WON'T RAT ON YOU.



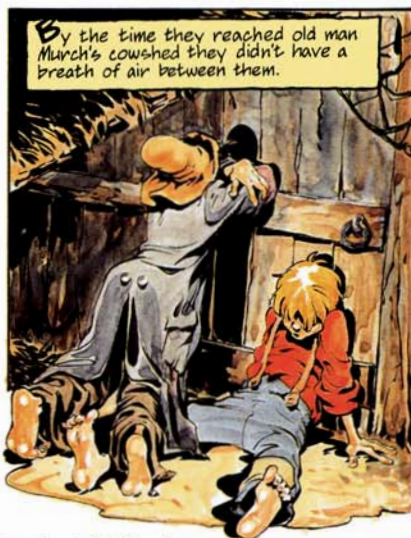
LORD JOE! I'M ALL COVERED IN BLOOD. N' THAT'S MY KNIFE! OH, LORD! I DIDN'T MEAN TO DO IT... I AIN'T NEVER HURT A BODY AFORE--EVER!



The boys bolted out of there like a blue streak. It was as if the devil himself was after them.



Their feet hardly seemed to touch the ground. They were running scared.



By the time they reached old man Murch's cowered they didn't have a breath of air between them.



HUCK, WHAT D'YOU RECKON WILL COME OF ALL THIS?

HANGIN', I RECKON.



WHOLL TELL?... US?

NO! 'TAIN'T LIKELY! IF ANYBODY TELLS, LET MUFF POTTER DO IT.

MAHBE MUFF DON'T KNOW INJUN JOE DONE IT.



LORDY! THEN WE ARE THE ONLY ONES THAT KNOW.

'N IF THEY DON'T HANG INJUN JOE..?

HELL KILL US! SURE AS WE'RE A-LAYIN' HERE!



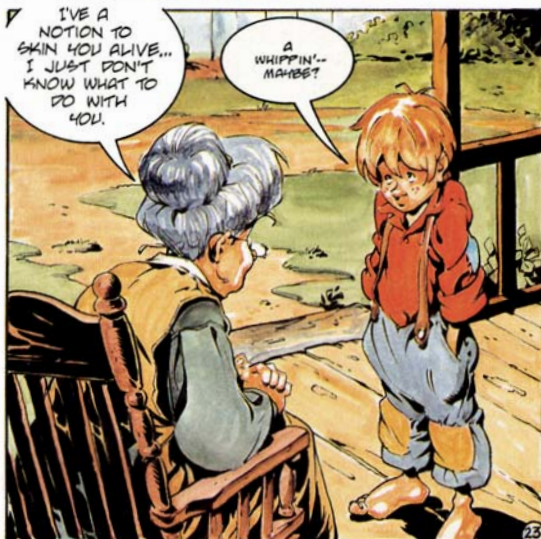
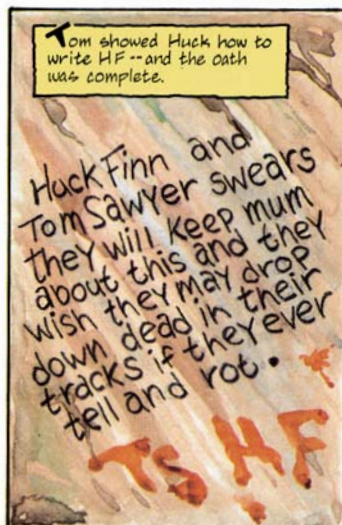
TOM... WE GOTTA KEEP MUM ABOUT THIS.

I HOLD MY HAND ON MY HEART AND SWEAR TO IT.

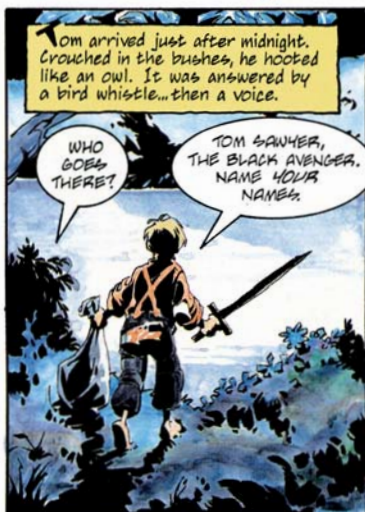
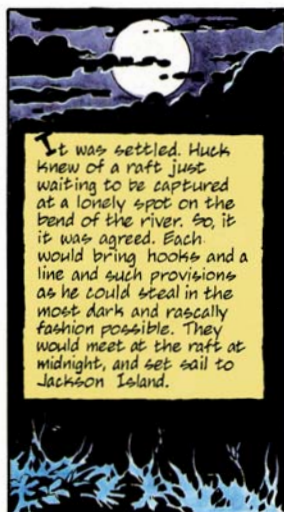
NO-- THIS ORTER BE WRITTEN... IN BLOOD...

BLOOD! WELL, A BIG THING LIKE THIS-- GUESS IT'S ONLY RIGHT.

So Tom found an old pine shingle, and set to writing up the agreement.







The Black Avenger and his crew caught the main current, and sailed smoothly down stream.

LIVELY, NOW! SHEETS 'N' BRACES, NOW, ME HEARTIES!

AHE- AHE, SIR!

Occupied with their comfoolery, they misjudged the current, and nearly missed the island altogether.

PORT! PORT! NOW MEN, WITH A WILL!

DARN IT, TOM, GIVE US A HAND!

They landed on a sand bar, a short ways from the island, and waded ashore.

It took several trips to get everything off the raft. The boys were exhausted.

But not too tired to make camp, take stock of their goods, and settle into a midnight feast.

WHAT WOULD THE BOYS SAY IF THEY COULD SEE US NOW?

PIRATIN' SUITS ME FINE. NEVER DID GET 'NUFF TO EAT, GENERALLY, IS THOSE PEACHES IN THAT JAR?

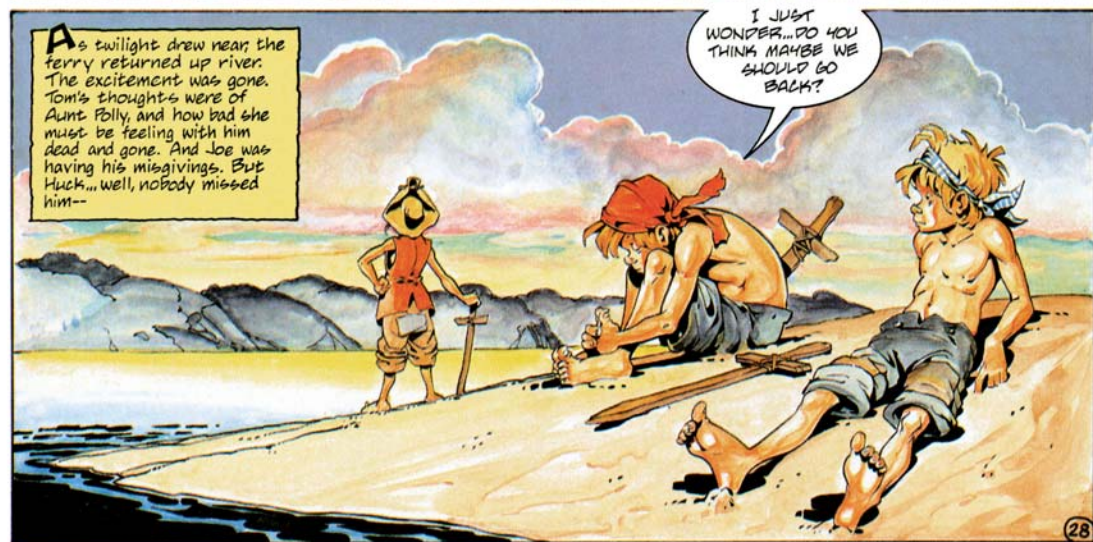
THIS IS GREAT.

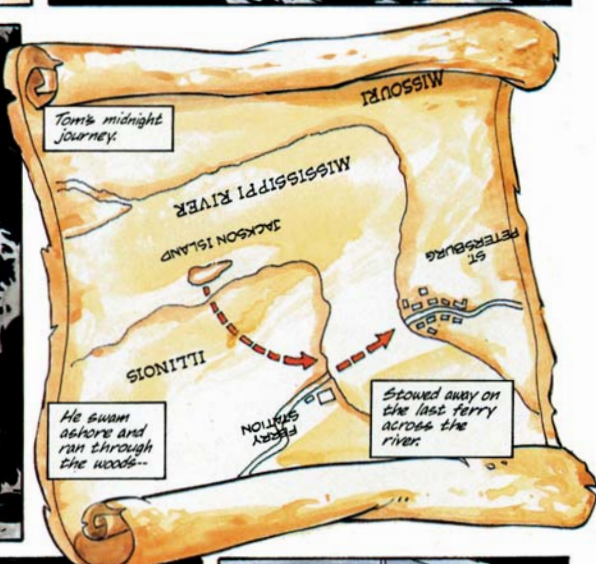
THIS IS THE LIFE FOR ME. NO GETTIN' UP IN THE MORNIN', NO SCHOOL. DON'T HAVE TO WASH...

PIRATES, THEY DON'T HAVE TO DO NUTHIN'!

WHAT DO PIRATES HAVE TO DO?









OH, I MISS THAT BOY, MRS. HARPER. HE WASN'T BAD, JUST MISCHIEVOUS, LIKE A COLT. HE NEVER MEANT NO HARM. THE BEST-HEARTED BOY THERE EVER WAS.

SAME AS MY JOE. TO THINK I WHIPPED HIM FOR TAKIN' THAT CREAM, THAT I MYSELF POUNDED OUT BECAUSE IT WAS SOUR. THE THINGS WED DO DIFFERENT IF WE COULD..



WHY, I ACCUSED TOM OF BREAKIN' MY HEIRLOOM SUGAR BOWL. IT WAS JUST HE WAS ALWAYS LICKIN' HIS FINGER 'N' STICKIN' IT IN THE BOWL.

'N' I BET IF HE WAS HERE RIGHT NOW, HOU'D GIVE HIM ALL THE SUGAR HE COULD EAT. BUT... WE WILL LAY THE BOYS TO REST FRIDAY MORNIN'. BETTER GET SOME REST NOW.



Slowly, Aunt Polly got ready for bed. When she started to say her night prayers, it put Tom in tears. He wanted to leap out and hug her...but he didn't.



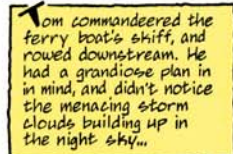
Finally, she fell asleep and Tom crept out. This whole adventure was a lot bigger than he thought it was.



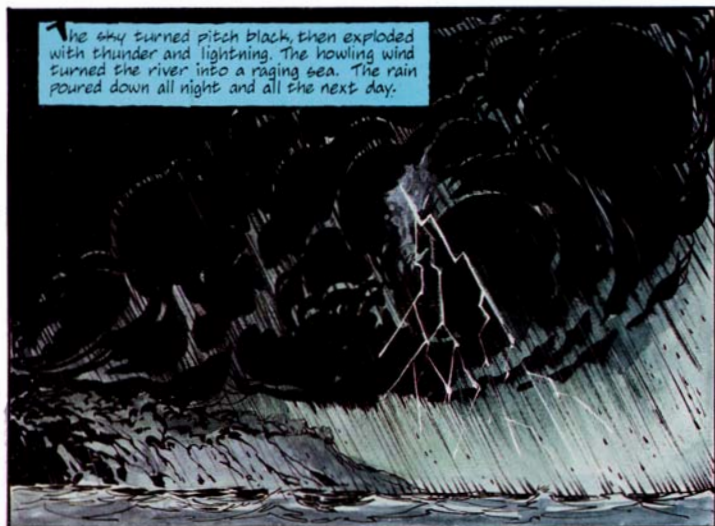
Tom looked at the note. Suddenly, he had a better idea.



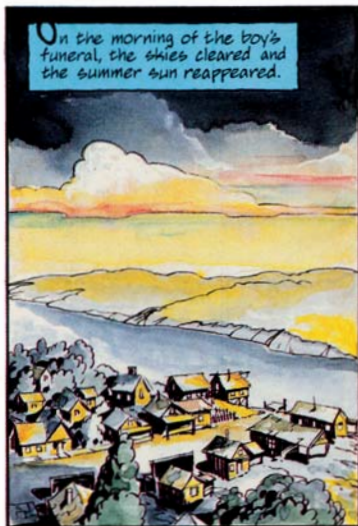
He stuffed the note back into his pocket, bent over and kissed Aunt Polly. Then he made his stealthy exit.



Tom commandeered the ferry boat's shiff, and rowed downstream. He had a grandiose plan in mind, and didn't notice the menacing storm clouds building up in the night sky...



The sky turned pitch black, then exploded with thunder and lightning. The howling wind turned the river into a raging sea. The rain poured down all night and all the next day.



On the morning of the boy's funeral, the skies cleared and the summer sun reappeared.



The hearse drove along the muddy street, with three empty coffins. The whole town was turned out.



Aunt Polly and Sid didn't sit in their usual seats. They went all the way up front.

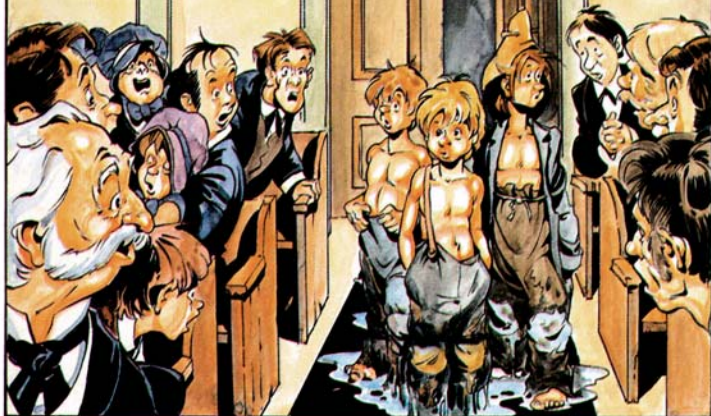


When everyone was seated, the preacher silently raised his arms and everyone started to sing.



The hymn was always the same at funerals: "Abide with Me." Slowly, the door creaked open...

Three tired, wet and muddy boys walked down the aisle. The singing faded away to gasps of disbelief. Mrs. Chilvers, the leader of the Temperance League, let out a little squeak and fainted.



The preacher, thinking he was witnessing a miracle, turned a strange shade of blue.



TOM?
IS THAT
YOU?

IT'S
US, AUNT
POLLY.



The Harpers and Aunt Polly threw themselves onto the resurrected boys, and poured out thanksgiving. But Huck didn't know what to do, and started to slink away.



IT
AIN'T FAIR!
SOMEBODY'S
GOT TO BE
GLAD TO SEE
HUCK...

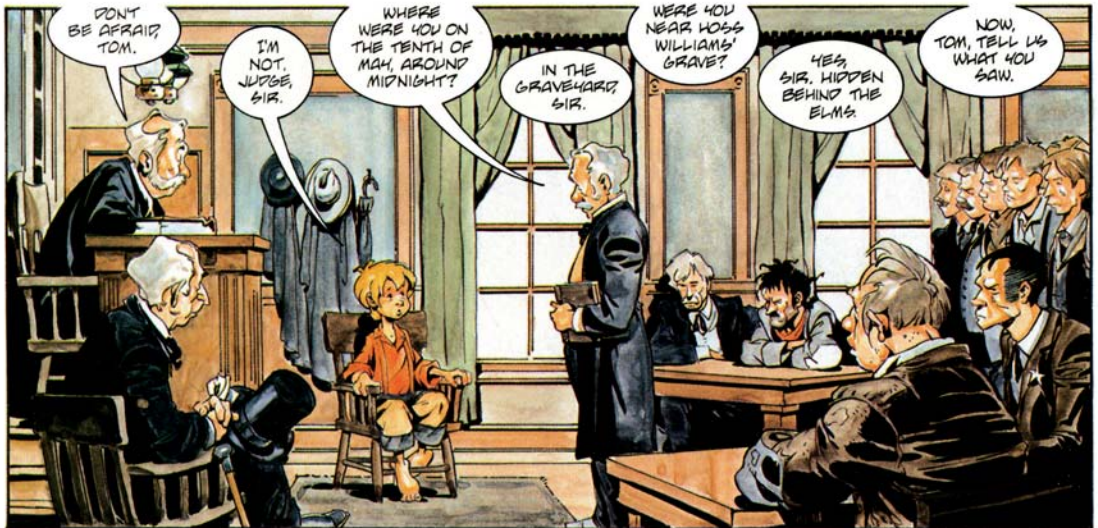
AND
SO THEY
SHALL.



Tom had thought it was a grand idea to return for their own funeral. But he never figured it would turn out quite like this.











DON'T MEAN TO PRY, BUT DO WE HAVE TO KILL HER?

THIS IS REVENGE! THE WIDOW'S HUSBAND WHIPPED ME IN FRONT OF THE WHOLE TOWN N' THROWN ME IN JAIL. HE DIED 'FORE I COULD GET EVEN. SO SHE'S GOTTA PAY.



Huck waited until they were out of sight. Then he picked up his nimble heels and flew.

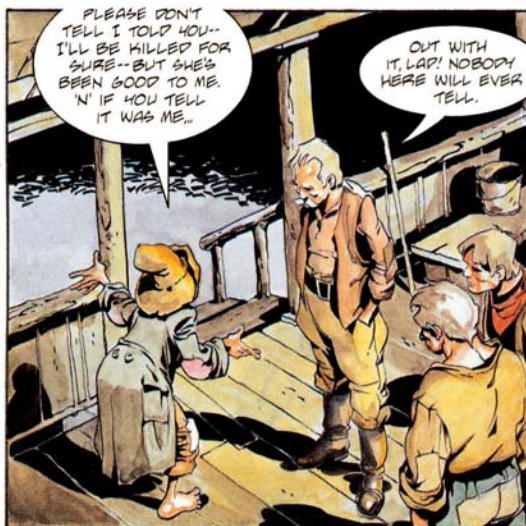
OH, LORDY, I GOTTA GET HELP.



The nearest farm was that of the Welshman and his two sons.

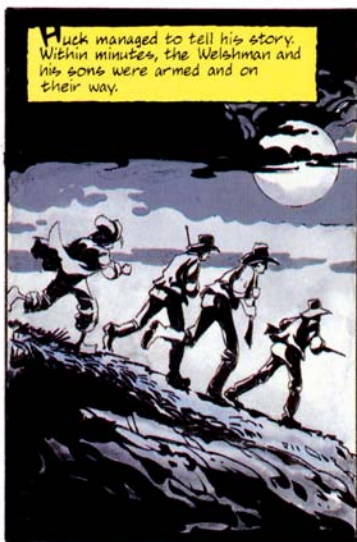
WHO'S BANGIN'? WHAT DO YOU WANT?

IT'S ME! HUCK FINN! QUICK, LET ME IN! YOU GOTTA HELP!



PLEASE DON'T TELL I TOLD YOU-- I'LL BE KILLED FOR SURE-- BUT SHE'S BEEN GOOD TO ME. N' IF YOU TELL IT WAS ME...

OUT WITH IT, LAD! NOBODY HERE WILL EVER TELL.



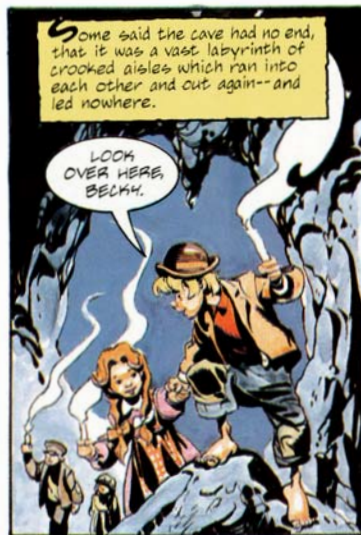
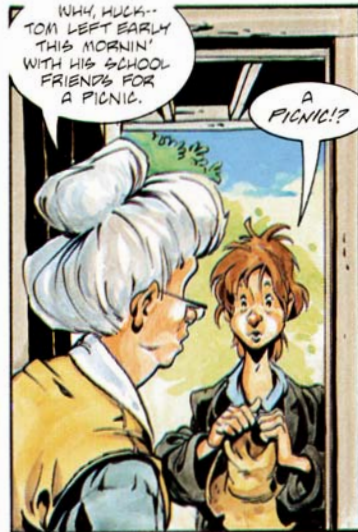
Huck managed to tell his story. Within minutes, the Welshman and his sons were armed and on their way.



It was just as Huck had said. The two outlaws were waiting for the lights to go out in the widow's house.



The silence was broken by gunfire. Huck didn't wait. He ran as fast as his legs could carry him.



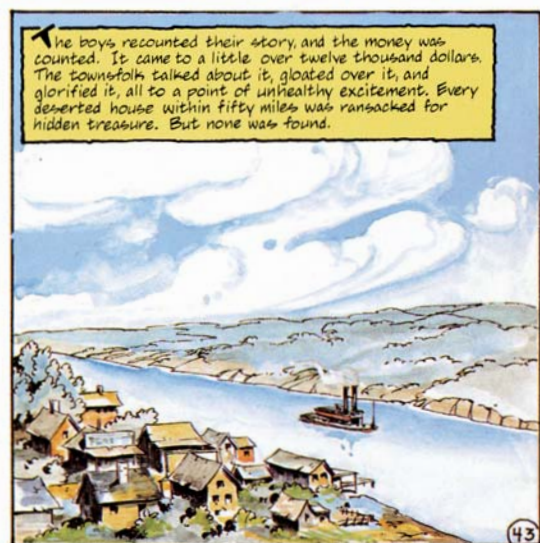


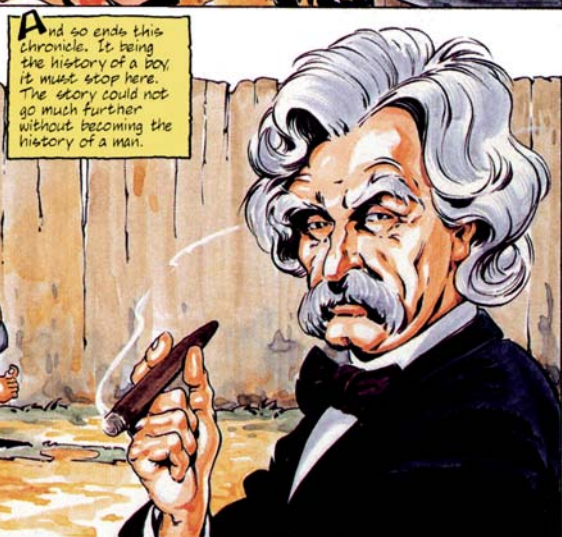
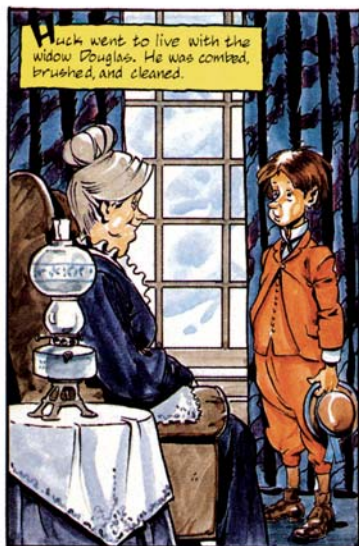












WATCH OUT FOR PAPERCUTZ™

Welcome to the naturalistic nineteenth CLASSICS ILLUSTRATED graphic novel, featuring Mike Ploog's awesome adaptation of *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer*. I'm Jim Salicrup, Editor-in-Chief of Papercutz, those former riverboat gamblers now dedicated to publishing great graphic novels for all ages.

The original CLASSICS ILLUSTRATED comicbooks didn't get around to adapting *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer* until its 50th issue. Although Tom did appear in issue 19's adaptation of *Huckleberry Finn*. The First Comics series of CLASSICS ILLUSTRATED paperbacks, from which this adaptation is from, adapted *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer* in their 9th volume. And while we didn't get to *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer* until our 19th volume, we did publish an adaptation of *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer* in our sister title, CLASSICS ILLUSTRATED DELUXE #4. So, this is actually the second comics adaptation of the Twain classic from Papercutz.

While we greatly enjoy *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer* adaptation by Jean David Morvan, Frederique Voulyze, and Severine Lefebvre, there is something slightly odd about such an American classic being adapted in a manga style, by a French person, no less! Not that any of us at Papercutz should talk... our very first publications were manga-style versions of those all-American teen sleuths NANCY DREW and THE HARDY BOYS! Actually, it's also worth noting that *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer* was the very first graphic novel Severine Lefebvre ever drew. More importantly, the entire team of Morva, Voulyze, and Lefebvre have reunited to adapt *Huckleberry Finn*, which we also hope to publish in CLASSICS ILLUSTRATED DELUXE.

So, even though Papercutz has already published one adaptation of *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer*, we simply couldn't resist publishing Michael Ploog's beautiful version as well. In *Modern Masters #19: Mike Ploog* (edited by Eric Nolen-Weathington and Roger Ash; Two Morrows Publishing, 2008), the artist talks a little about his Twain adaptation: "...I was approached by First Publishing and asked if I would do a CLASSICS ILLUSTRATED. I said I would love to do one, and I'd love to do Mark Twain. They said, 'Would you like to do *Tom Sawyer*?' I said 'I'd love it, and I'd also like to do *Huck Finn*.' Actually I wanted to do *Huck Finn* first, but they wanted me to do *Tom Sawyer* first. That was great fun. I really enjoyed that because I'm a big Mark Twain fan.



"The funny thing is, when I wrote and illustrated that book, I drove everybody in the building nuts. I had a studio above a coffee shop in a small town in Wiltshire, England. I played 'Dueling Banjos' over and over and over. I had it on a loop, and it just kept going over and over again. Believe it or not, I paced that entire book—the artwork, the dialogue, everything—to 'Dueling Banjos.'"

As for the adaptation of *Huckleberry Finn*, Ploog explains, "I had worked it all up, and broke it down. The hardest part of it was taking a big story and breaking it down to however many pages you had. They had even given me extra pages on that, if I remember right. I did want to get in the hucksters who picked Huck up and took him through town and the old lady he ended up living with. I no sooner got it broke down and was ready to work, than they [First Publishing] went out of business."

Unfortunately, as I've stated before, First Publishing was too far ahead of its time. Bookstores and libraries weren't quite ready for graphic novels in the early 90s, but they are now, and Papercutz is proud to present the great work they produced back then to today's fans of great comic art. I also hope that Mr. Ploog held on to his *Huck Finn* notes... Who knows? Maybe that adaptation could be published by Papercutz one day?

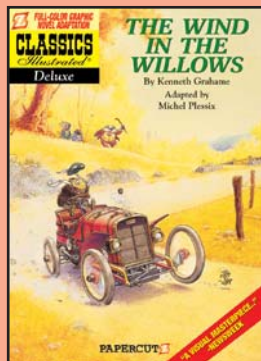
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CLASSICS ILLUSTRATED DELUXE

GRAPHIC NOVELS FROM PAPER CUTZ



#1 "The Wind In The Willows"



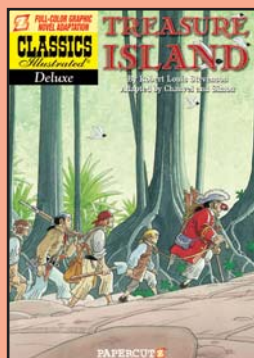
#2 "Tales From The Brothers Grimm"



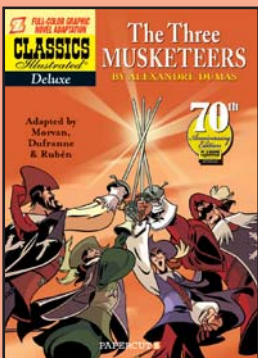
#3 "Frankenstein"



#4 "The Adventures of Tom Sawyer"



#5 "Treasure Island"



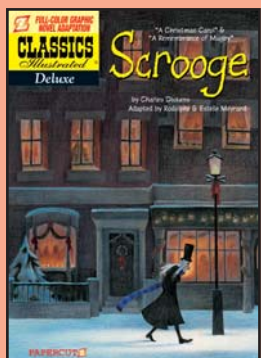
#6 "The Three Musketeers"



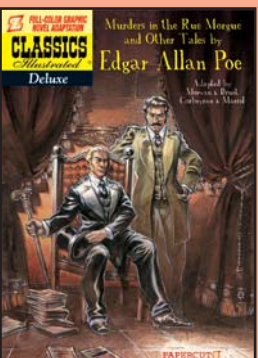
#7 "Around the World in 80 Days"



#8 "Oliver Twist"



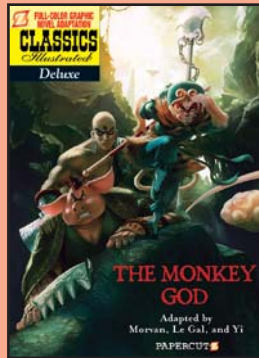
#9 Scrooge
"A Christmas Carol" and
"A Remembrance of Mugby"



#10 "The Murders in the Rue Morgue and Other Tales"



#11 "The Sea Wolf"



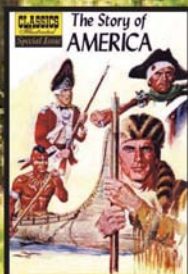
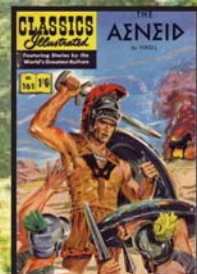
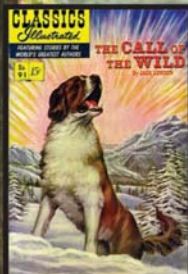
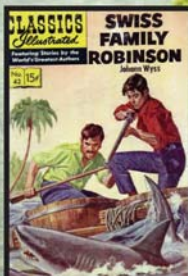
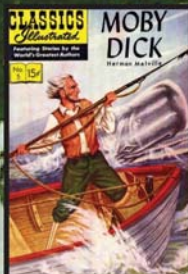
COMING SOON:
#12 "The Monkey God"

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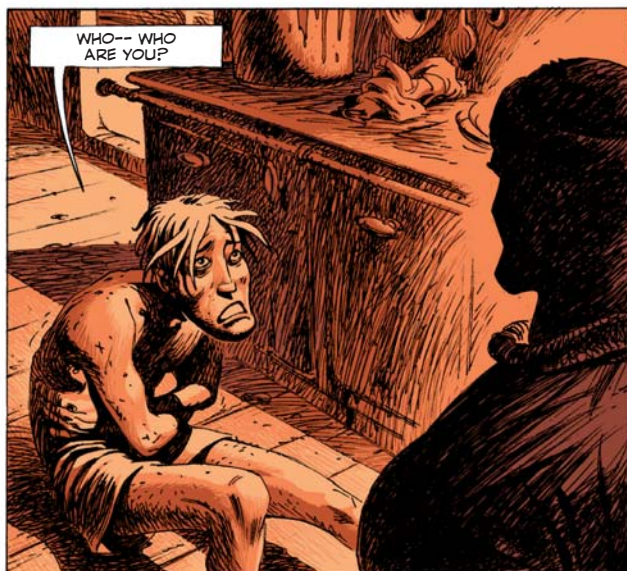
MICHAEL PLOOG

Mark Twain (Samuel Langhorne Clemens) was born prematurely in Florida, Missouri, on November 30, 1835, as Halley's Comet arced across the skies. His father, John Marshall Clemens, was a Virginian imbued with the frontier spirit and grandiose dreams of easy wealth. Intelligent and well-educated, Clemens's father spent his life in a restless search for profits from land speculation, barely supporting his family on his earnings as a lawyer and, later, as a judge. In 1839, the family settled in Hannibal, Missouri. Clemens's formal schooling ended with his father's death in 1847; he apprenticed to a printer, and began writing for a local newspaper run by his brother, Orion. Clemens worked briefly as a journeyman printer and writer in St. Louis, Philadelphia, and New York, before returning to Missouri in 1857 to become a Mississippi steamboat pilot (Clemens took his pen name from river slang for "two fathoms deep"). When the Civil War curtailed river traffic, he spent a short time soldiering with a group of Confederate volunteers. Clemens then traveled to Nevada with his brother, who had been appointed secretary to the governor. This trip west later provided the basis of his autobiographical *Roughing It* (1872). Moving on to California, he worked as a roving correspondent and collaborated with Bret Harte. His fame as a humorist and storyteller was established with the publication of *The Celebrated Jumping Frog of Calaveras County* (1867). Lecturing increased his reputation, but it was *The Innocents Abroad* (1869), the product of a tour of the Mediterranean and the Holy Land, that firmly installed Clemens in the world of letters. The success of this book also gave him the financial security to marry Olivia Langdon in 1870. They settled in Hampton, Connecticut, where Clemens began writing *The Gilded Age* (1873), *Tom Sawyer* (1876), *A Tramp Abroad* (1880), *The Prince and the Pauper* (1881), *Life on the Mississippi* (1883), *Huckleberry Finn* (1884), and *A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court* (1889). Bad publishing ventures and investment in an unperfected typesetting machine drove him into bankruptcy in 1894. To discharge his debts, Clemens embarked upon a lecturing tour around the world, during which one of his daughters died in Europe. Although Clemens paid off his debts by 1898, his writing began to exhibit a dismal cynicism. During this turbulent period, he wrote *Pudd'nhead Wilson* (1894), *The Man That Corrupted Hadleyburg* (1900), and *The Mysterious Stranger* (1916, posthumous). In his final years, Clemens became a bitter satirist. He died at Redding, Connecticut, in 1910, as Halley's Comet again streaked the horizon.

Michael Ploog was born in Mankato, Minnesota, in 1940. He decided to become an artist at the end of a ten-year stint in the U.S. Marine Corps. He held a variety of jobs before landing a position as a layout artist for the *Batman and Superman* animated TV series. In the late 1960s, Ploog became an assistant to renowned comic artist Will Eisner, working at Eisner's American Visuals studio in New York. With Eisner, he contributed for several years to P.S. magazine. In the early 1970s, Ploog ventured in comicbook illustration; among his credits are *Werewolf by Night*, *Man-Thing*, *Kull the Conqueror*, and *The Monster of Frankenstein*. Since the late 1970s, Ploog has worked almost exclusively in the film industry, as a storyboard artist, designer, writer, and editor. Among his film credits are *Good Morning Vietnam*, *The Unbearable Lightness of Being*, *Little Shop of Horrors*, *Ghostbusters*, *Black Cauldron*, *Dark Crystal*, *The Thing*, *Superman II*, *Superman III*, and *Melvin and Howard*. *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer* marked Ploog's return to comic illustration in the early 1990s.

Special Excerpt from CLASSICS ILLUSTRATED DELUXE #11 "The Sea-Wolf"

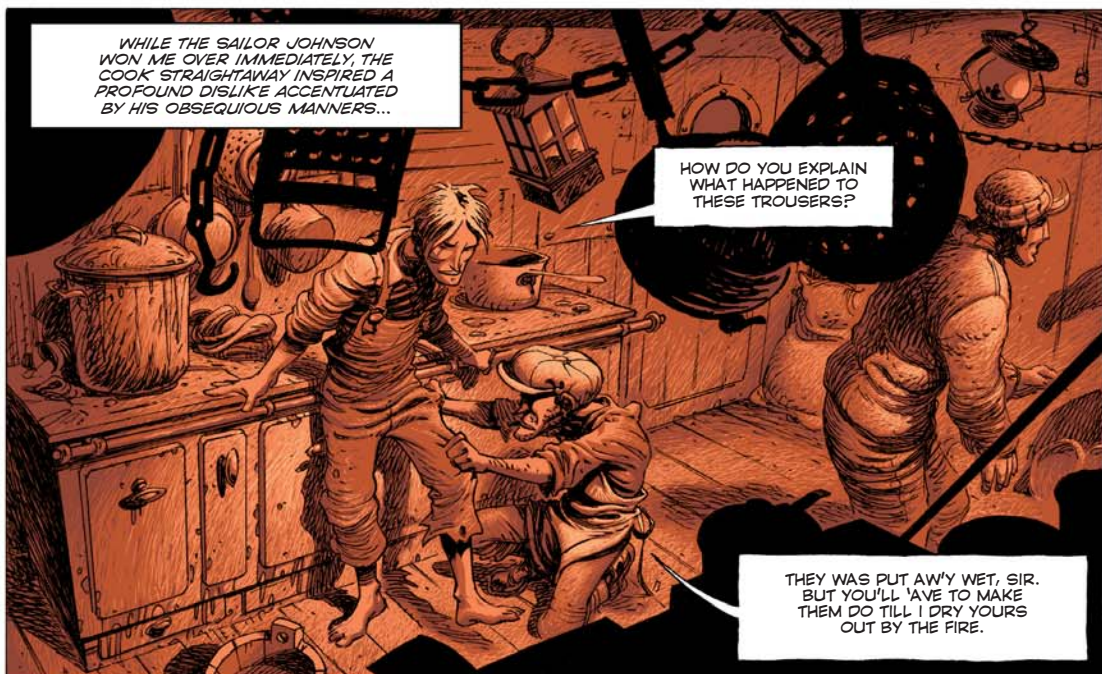
By Jack London, Adapted by Riff Reb's







THE CAP'N IS WOLF LARSEN.
I NEVER HEARD HIS OTHER
NAME. BUT YOU BETTER
SPEAK SOFT WITH HIM.



WHILE THE SAILOR JOHNSON
WON ME OVER IMMEDIATELY, THE
COOK STRAIGHTAWAY INSPIRED A
PROFOUND DISLIKE ACCENTUATED
BY HIS OBSEQUIOUS MANNERS...

HOW DO YOU EXPLAIN
WHAT HAPPENED TO
THESE TROUSERS?

THEY WAS PUT AWAY WET, SIR.
BUT YOU'LL 'AVE TO MAKE
THEM DO TILL I DRY YOURS
OUT BY THE FIRE.



AND WHOM HAVE I
TO THANK FOR THIS
KINDNESS?

MUGRIDGE,
SIR. THOMAS
MUGRIDGE.

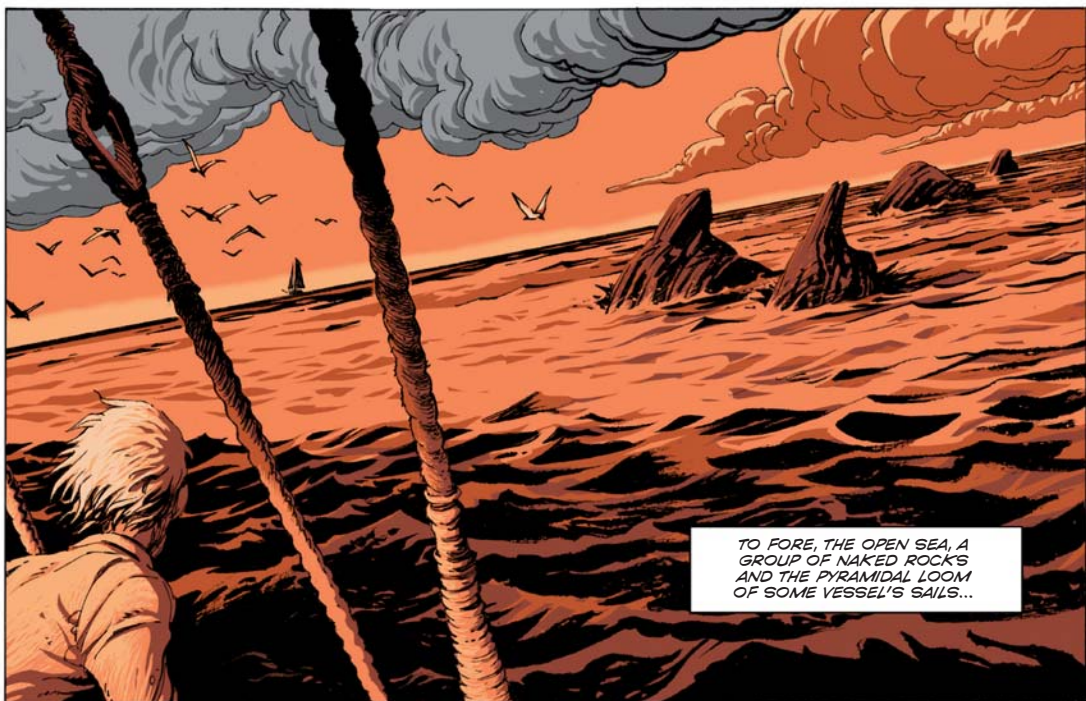
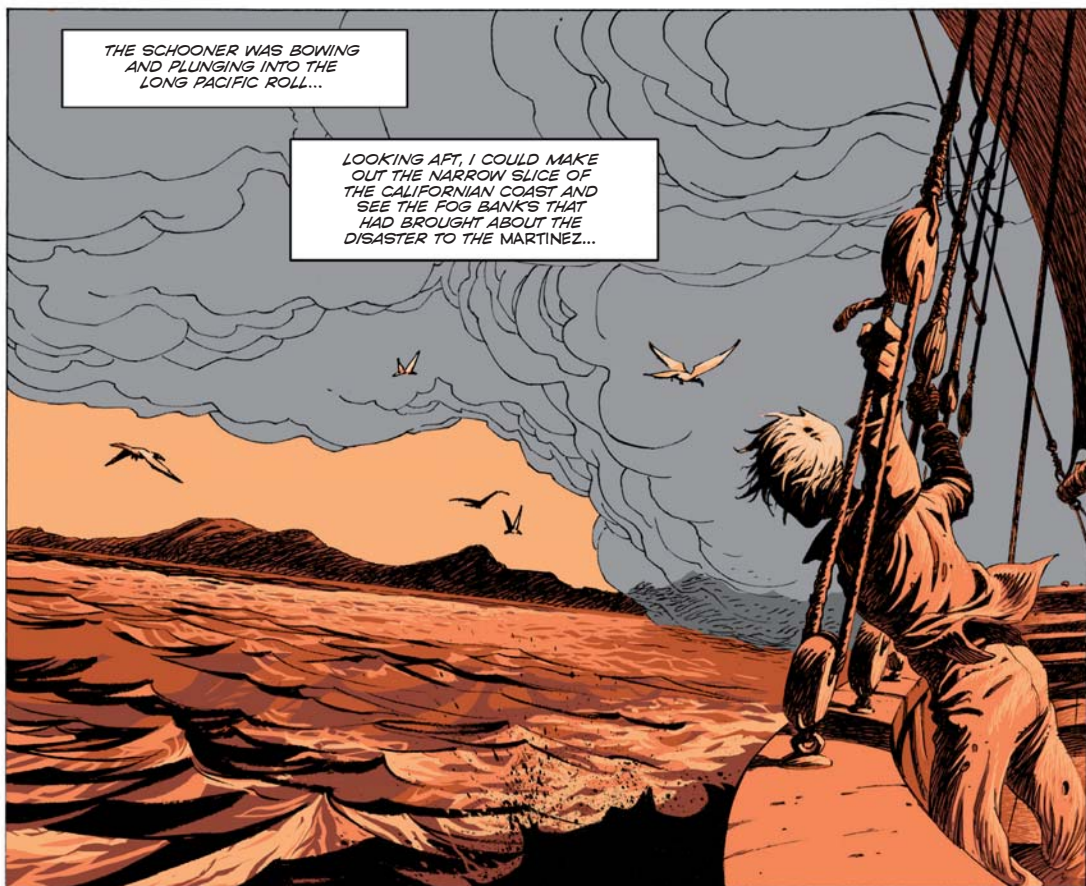
ALL RIGHT, THOMAS, I
SHALL NOT FORGET YOU
WHEN MY CLOTHES ARE DRY.



STAGGERING STILL, I STEPPED
ONTO THE DECK IN MY
RIDICULOUS ACCOUTREMENT...

THE SCHOONER WAS BOWING
AND PLUNGING INTO THE
LONG PACIFIC ROLL...

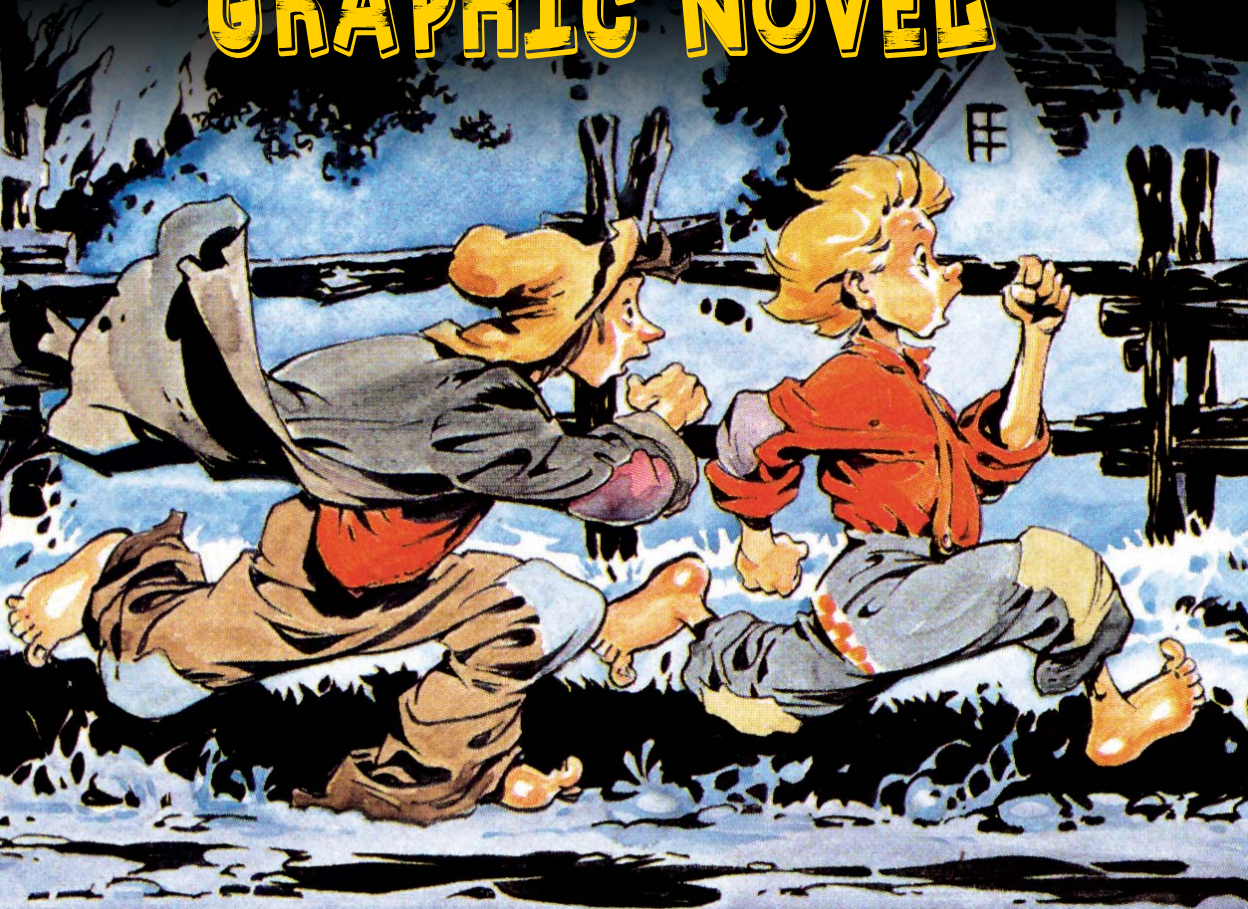
LOOKING AFT, I COULD MAKE
OUT THE NARROW SLICE OF
THE CALIFORNIAN COAST AND
SEE THE FOG BANKS THAT
HAD BROUGHT ABOUT THE
DISASTER TO THE MARTINEZ...



TO FORE, THE OPEN SEA, A
GROUP OF NAKED ROCKS
AND THE PYRAMIDAL LOOM
OF SOME VESSEL'S SAILS...

Don't Miss CLASSICS ILLUSTRATED DELUXE #11 "The Sea-Wolf" Available Now.

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